

Washington as an Object Lesson



(Extracts from an address by Representative Philip Pitt Campbell of Kansas in the House.)

MR. SPEAKER, governments do not spring up; they are created. They do not endure; they may be perpetuated. Is history a picture gallery containing few originals and many copies? Do the people of former periods set the example for the people of periods that follow? Is there a destiny that shapes our ends? An independent and free people may be original, make and follow their own plans, and determine their own destiny. This hour is full of interest to those who are concerned with questions affecting the welfare of the people and the future of the republic.

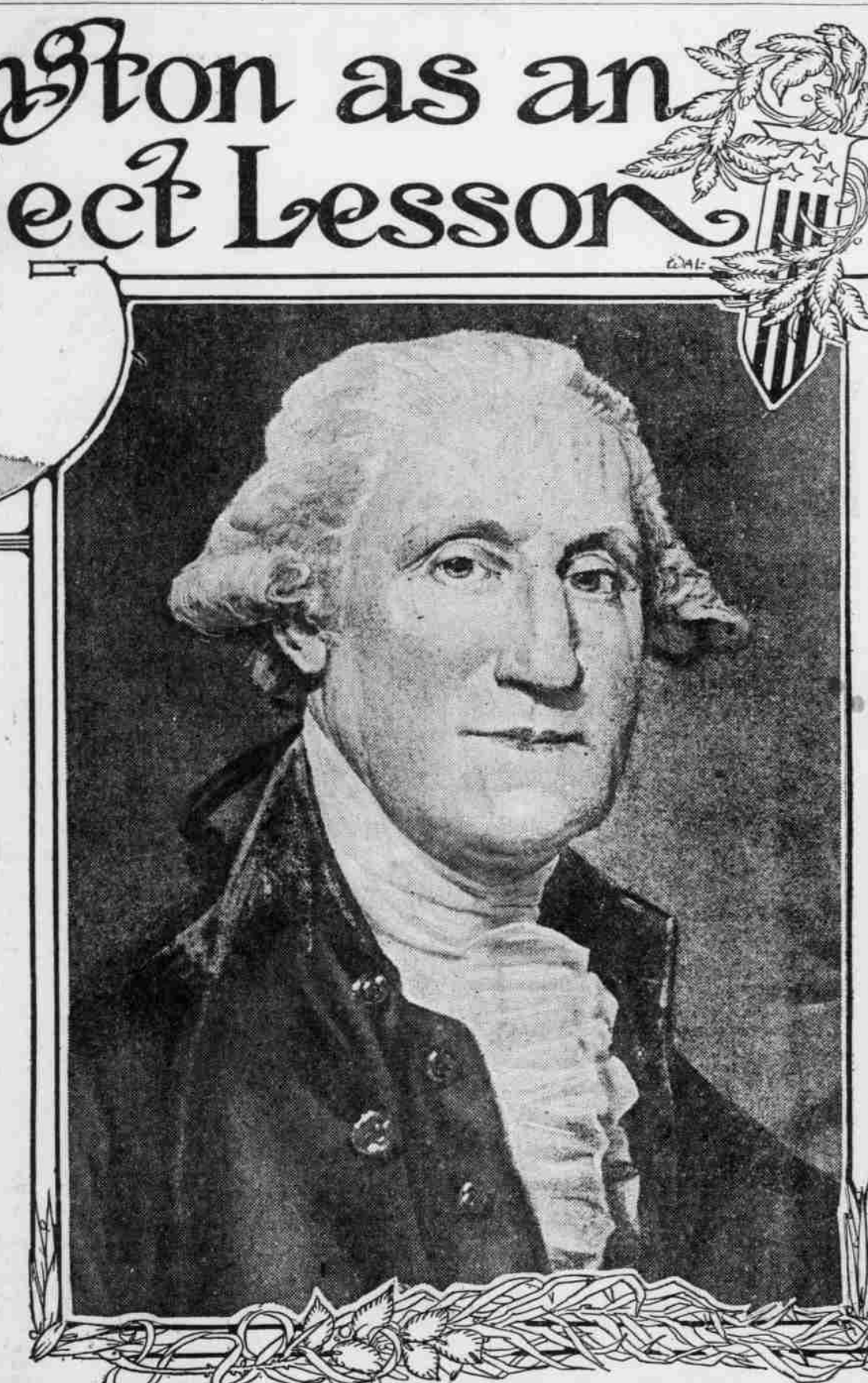
So it is not my purpose today to attempt to extend the fame or add to the renown of Washington. His fame is secure even to the earth's remotest bounds; his renown will grow as the centuries unfold the scroll of the ages. While men care for wisdom and honor and patriotism and appreciate the achievements of those who have served mankind, Washington will have a place in the minds and hearts of men in all countries and in all times. (Applause.) I shall therefore take occasion on this anniversary of his birth to note the government established by the fathers, the achievements made under it by the American people and its benefits to mankind, and at the same time consider the departures that have been made from its fundamental principles and purposes that endanger its perpetuity.

It is safe to say that the creation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States mark the world's greatest achievement in the art of self-government. The fathers under the leadership of Washington undertook the delicate and difficult task of creating a government with such enduring principles as would make it susceptible of being perpetuated. It was provided that each citizen who lived under it should for all time be the political equal of every other citizen and that every man should have the opportunity of obtaining individual reward for individual effort. The government was created as of the people, by the people, and for the people. Its purposes and powers are simple, plain, and direct. It offers protection to the citizen in his right to life, liberty, property, and in the pursuit of his happiness. The powers granted are enumerated with such other powers as may naturally be implied from the written instrument.

These powers impose upon the government created the duty of dealing with national and international questions affecting the life, the character, and the honor of the republic and its people in their national and international relations. The right and duty of dealing with such questions as affect the individual citizen are left to the states and the smaller political subdivisions. Under this division of political authority and duty the people of the United States have through a hundred and thirty years enjoyed the freest and best government north of the world. Under the simple guarantee of government every generation has offered and freely given life and property for the maintenance of the honor, the preservation of the integrity, and the advancement of the glory of the republic. It is ours. We must preserve it. We must not impose duties upon it that it cannot perform. We must not ask the exercise of functions for which it was not created. We must not indulge in the hope of things from it that it cannot give. We must not invite disappointments in the operation of its activities. It is enough that it shall always offer protection to all that man holds dear and shall continue to afford opportunities to the individual citizen to obtain rewards according to his individual ambitions and efforts.

This leads me to call attention to the important duties of this hour that require us to take our bearing and to ascertain how far we have already been beguiled to depart from it and divert and multiply the activities of the government in matters foreign to its original purposes, and to contemplate the effects of such departure on the life of the government and on the opportunity of the individual citizen.

It would be difficult to enumerate all the departments, bureaus, and commissions of the government at Washington that have been created to exercise bureaucratic authority and paternal guardianship over the people in every part of the republic. There is no activity, business, social, or domestic condition that is not the object of their supervision, their solicitude, or their authority. Over 200,000 citizens are employed make up the army that oversees and directs the affairs of the people and assumes guardianship over them. Government agents and inspectors, exercising every variety of authority, are found on every Pullman out of and into Washington. Government reports on every subject from adenoids to rat traps fill the files of offices that consume space in Washington. The mahogany and quarter-sawn oak office furniture already installed has cost many millions of dollars, and more is being purchased. If a yearling dies of blackleg on a farm in Kansas, the government at Washington acts on the case. If a hog dies of the cholera in a hog lot in Iowa, the government at Washington takes charge. If a weevil bores through a boll of cotton on a plantation in Texas, the government at



Portrait by Stuart, 1795

Washington is stirred to action. Nothing escapes the vigilant eye of the government and its innumerable functionaries. If the price of one article goes up, let the government take charge of the seller; if the price of another goes down, let the government take charge of the buyer. And thus the carnival of government activities goes merrily on. Government control is the remedy for every ill, and government regulation the source of every good.

The people pay all the expenses. In some instances they pay it all through the government at Washington. In the case of other activities they pay half through the government at Washington and the other half through the governments of the states. But the people pay all the expenses of this complicated machinery of government, that has its agents looking over the shoulders of every business man and directing affairs of every citizen.

The fathers embodied with rare wisdom those elements of strength and endurance which were essential if the government was to be perpetuated through the ages. They avoided with the foresight of statesmen the things that lead to disaster, and they created a government adapted to the nature of man, a simple government of laws to be enacted and enforced by the chosen representatives of a free people. The purpose of the government was to protect them in their natural rights, and to enable them to meet their national and international duties and obligations. Its powers were limited.

The fathers did not contemplate at any time under the Constitution they gave us a government by men. It was not in the scheme of the fathers that at any time the people should be beguiled into using the government at Washington for supervising or directing their personal, local, and domestic affairs. They knew that in a government of free people no man is big enough or wise enough or good enough to command another, his political equal, in what he may or may not do. It is fundamental that a free people may not be expected long to endure the annoyances, the exactions, the arbitrary regulations, the restrictions, or the disappointments that are incident to government by men acting as the functionaries of a central authority, directing the affairs of and exercising police powers over the people in the remotest parts of their territorial limits. Even the assurances of government bureaus that the citizen is for his own good will not long beguile the citizen into a surrender of his right to live under a government of laws enacted by his authority and consent that merely protect him from injury by others and protect others from injury by him.

There is no word in the discussion by the fathers of the powers and duties of the government that has been handed down to that leads to the belief that it was contemplated in their plan that the head of any department or the chief of any bureau or the agent of any commission should at any time make restrictions or arbitrary regulations affecting the life, liberty, property, or the pursuit of happiness of the citizen. Such restrictions upon the individual as were contemplated

were to be made only by the states, and the lesser political subdivisions having immediate jurisdiction, and then only by the plain terms of statutes enacted by the representatives of the people. The rapidly growing and alarming tendency today is toward a centralization of all authority and power incident to government in Washington.

We have already ignored the admonition of the fathers; we have defied the laws of human nature, which have never changed; we have overlooked the lessons of history. All these have admonished us that only governments of simple laws can properly serve or long endure in a country of free people. We have already been led by the delusion that government bureaus, exercising bureaucratic authority and police power, not authorized by the terms or implied by the provisions of the Constitution, are better for the people than a government of plain statutes. We have been lured by the promise that government agents would lead the citizen by the hand into green pastures, beside still waters, into elysian fields, then on into the millennium. Already the citizen looks about him and finds himself in the midst of a fool's paradise, entirely surrounded by government bureaus. So many of the numerous bureaus of the government are exercising bureaucratic authority and police power that they meet the citizen everywhere he turns—in his fields, in his mills, in his mines, in his shops, in his factories, in his places of business, great and small—everywhere, substituting the will and judgment of a government agent for the will and judgment of the individual citizen. No matter in what direction the citizen may turn, he, the agent of the government is there to forbid or to command. Instead of remaining his protector, the government has become his guardian.

There are many matters that require more than individual attention, matters in which co-operation is not only desirable but necessary. In all such matters the smaller political subdivisions and the states should be resorted to. In that way the portion of the public directly concerned are able to observe and intelligently determine whether they are to be employed to do the particular things they require are rendering a service that justifies the continuance of the activity and the expense involved in carrying it on. It is a profound truth that that government is best that governs least.

The government of the United States is of so great national and international importance to the people even to the remotest towns and hamlets of the republic that its place in their affections should be imperious, nor should it be made the object of common criticism for failure to do for the citizen what the citizen alone can do for himself. A solemn responsibility and a great duty immediately confront us here. We are the chosen representatives of the American people, sworn to protect and defend the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. It is time to begin the process of reestablishing a government of laws under the Constitution. It is time to limit the activities and reduce the expenses of government at Washington. (Applause.) The process of eliminating every element of weakness with which government has been burdened and which now make it the object of criticism should be gradual but persistent, until we can again look upon it as the simple government of laws, given us by the fathers for the purpose of guaranteeing life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness of the people, with the hope that our children and their children from generation to generation may have in the centuries as they come and go the same guarantees and the same opportunities that we and our ancestors have enjoyed under the Constitution of the United States. (Applause.)

WAS THE DAUGHTER OF PLANTER

Martha Washington Not Especially Distinguished Among Other Belles of Her Time.

Martha Washington was originally Martha Dandridge, daughter of a Virginia planter. She was not able to spell well, so it might be inferred that she was not well educated. But spelling was not regarded as a necessary requirement at that time. Little

Martha learned to sew, to play the spinet and to dance, which were the most important lessons for a girl. She made her debut into society at the age of fifteen years, an attractive girl with hazel eyes and light brown hair. Martha soon became one of the belles of the quaint little town, but there were other belles in Virginia society, and if Martha had not married George Washington, her name

THREE MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON

Condensed Wisdom in Precepts Culled From Speeches and Writings of Great American.

There can be no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists, in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity.

Couldn't Stand for That. Billy did chores for the women of the neighborhood. In his eagerness to get out to play he had grown careless and several of the women had jacked him up a little. One day he did not go to his work and his father, thinking he had forgotten, reminded him of the fact, when he said: "Have quit, dad; couldn't stand it; I was getting hepped."

Beginning and Commencement.

The Latin commencement is more formal than the Saxon beginning, as the verb commence, is more formal than begin. Commencement is for the most part restricted to some form of action, while beginning has no restriction, but may be applied to action, state, material, extent, enumeration, or to whatever else may be conceived of as having first a part, point, degree, etc. The letter A is at the beginning (not the commencement) of every alphabet.

Confidence.

The following scrap of conversation was overheard in a London motor bus, and deeply impressed those fortunate enough to catch the words. Said one fair passenger to another: "Between you and me, I don't seem to like your husband so much as I did." "And he told you that?" "Yes, you see, he said, 'neither do I'—London Morning Post.

HARRIET and the PIPER

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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ROYAL BLONDIN

Synopsis.—Harriet Field, twenty-eight years old, and beautiful, is the social secretary of the fashionable Mrs. Isabelle Carter. "Crowlands," Richard Carter's home, and governor of seventeen-year-old Nina, a beautiful girl, twenty-four years old and impressionable, fancies himself in love with his mother's attractive secretary. Mrs. Carter's latest "affair" is with young Anthony Pope, and the youth is taking it very seriously. Praising over the telephone this summer afternoon, Harriet is profoundly disturbed by the arrival of a visitor, Royal Blondin. Next day, at a tea party in the city, Blondin makes himself agreeable to Nina, and leaves a deep impression on the unsophisticated girl.

CHAPTER III.

Royal Blondin went straight from Nina to the tea table, which was almost deserted now. Harriet saw him coming, and she knew what hour had come. She stood up as he reached the table, and they exchanged each other narrowly, with unsmiling eyes.

There was reason for her pale face today, and for the faint violet shadows about her beautiful eyes. Harriet had lain awake deep into the night, tossing and feverish. She had always thought that he must come back; for years the fear had haunted her at every street crossing, at every ring of Linda's doorbell. At first it had been but a shivering apprehension of his chains, an anticipation of what he might expect or want from her. Then came a sadder time, when she told herself that she was an independent human being as well as he, that she might meet his argument with argument, and his threat with threat.

But for the past year or two her lessening respect for him had taken the new form. Harriet had hoped that when they met again she might be in a position to punish Royal Blondin, to look down at him from heights that even his audacity might not scale.

That time, she told herself in the fever of her mind, had not yet come. Her pitiful achievements, her beauty, her French and Spanish, her sober book reading, and her little attentions of the linen and careful speech, all seemed to crumble to nothing. She seemed again to be the foolish, helpless, seventeen-year-old Harriet of the Watertown days, her armor ineffectual against that suave and self-confident presence.

She had forced herself to gild the wrappings, to look at the old world, shabby parlor to which Linda and Fred had carried Josephine's crib late every night, and where sheet music had cascaded from the upright piano. She saw, with the young husband and wife, a fiery, tumble-head girl of fifteen or sixteen, who helped with her sister's cooking and housework, who adored the baby, who planned a future on the stage, or as a great painter, or as a great writer—the means mattered not so much that the end was fame and wealth and happiness for Harriet.

Fred had brought Royal Blondin to supper one night, and Royal had laughed with the others at the spirited little waitress who delivered herself of tremendous decisions while she came and went with plates and forgot to take off her checked blue apron when she finally slipped into her place.

The man had been a dandy, then, as now. But he was nine years older than Harriet Field. He had had the same delightful voice, the same penetrating eyes, the same broad, poetic, music, art, into the world of the Watertown apartment; he had helped Harriet to tame and house those soaring ambitions. She felt again those kisses that had waked the little girl heart, that passionate womanhood; she shut her eyes and pressed her hand tight against them. So young—so happy—so confident!—plunging headlong into that searing blackness.

And now Royal Blondin was back again, and she was not ready for him. She could not score now. But he had been a dandy, then, as now. But he was nine years older than Harriet Field. He had had the same delightful voice, the same penetrating eyes, the same broad, poetic, music, art, into the world of the Watertown apartment; he had helped Harriet to tame and house those soaring ambitions. She felt again those kisses that had waked the little girl heart, that passionate womanhood; she shut her eyes and pressed her hand tight against them. So young—so happy—so confident!—plunging headlong into that searing blackness.

Harriet had shaken back her mane of hair, had hammered furious fists together up on the dark balcony. It wasn't fair—it wasn't fair—just now, when she was so secure and happy! She had flung her arms across the railing, and hurled her hot face on them, and had wept desperate and golden tears into the silken and golden tangle that shone duly in the starlight.

She did not refuse him her hand when he came to the tea table, or her eyes, but she looked at him with the semblance of it, in the voice with which she said his name. That he was waiting, perhaps as fearfully as she, for his cue, was evidenced by the quick relief with which he echoed the old familiarity.

"Excuse me, I find you again. I've been waiting all this time to find you! I'd heard Ward speak of 'Miss Field,' to me. I've been thinking of you all night."

"I've been thinking, too," she said, smiling. "It's after six." Blondin said with a glance about. "We can't talk here. Can you get away? Can we go somewhere?"

Without another word she deserted her seat, plucked up her hat, and picked up her gloves. "There's a very quiet back road straight down to Crowlands," she said, considering. "We might wait."

"Anything?" he assented, briefly. Guided by Harriet, who was familiar with the place, they slipped down the hallway, and out a side door. They had no sooner gained silence and solitude than the man began deliberately: "Harriet, I have not thought of anything else since I came upon you yesterday, after all these years. I want you to tell me that you—yes, you—were angry with me. You knew—your husband so much as I did." "And he told you that?" "Yes, you see, he said, 'neither do I'—London Morning Post.

the possibility of his shaking her, she told herself now. It was with an involuntary and bitter little laugh that she said:

"You had no monopoly of that, Roy."

"But you ran away from me!" he accused her. "When I went to find you, they told me the Davenports had moved away. 'Won't you believe that I felt terrible—that I walked the streets, Harriet, praying—praying—that I might catch a glimpse of you. It was the uppermost thought for years—how many years? Seven!'"

"More than eight," she corrected. "In a somewhat lifeless voice. 'I was eighteen. My one thought, my one hope, when I last saw you, in Linda's house,' she went on, with sudden passion, 'was that I would never see you again! How I'm glad to hear you say this, Roy.' She added, in a gentler tone, 'I'm glad you—felt sorry. Our going away was a mere chance. Fred Davenport was offered a position on a Brooklyn paper, and we all moved from Watertown to Brooklyn. I was grateful for it; I only wanted to disappear! Linda stood by me, her children saved my life. I was a nursery-maid for a year or two—I never saw anybody or went anywhere! I look back, Harriet said, talking more to herself than to him, and walking swiftly along in the golden sunset that streamed across the old back road, 'and I wonder I didn't go stark, staring mad!'"

"Don't think about it," he urged, with concern.

"No! I'll not think about it. Royal, don't think that all my feeling was for myself. I thought of you, too. I missed you. Truly, I missed what you had given my life!"

A dark flush came to the man's face, and when he spoke it was with an honest shame and gratitude in his voice that would have surprised the women who had only known him in his later years.

"You are generous, Harriet," he said. "You were always the most generous girl in the world!"

More stirred than she wished to show herself, Harriet walked on, and there was a silence.

"Linda and Fred made it hard for you?" he asked.

"Oh, no! They were angels. But of course in their eyes, and mine, too—I was marked."

Silence. Royal Blondin gave her a glance full of distress and compunction. But he did not speak, and it was Harriet who ended the pause.

"Well, that's what a little girl of eighteen may do with her life!" she said. "I have been a fool—I have made a wreck of mine!"

"You are the most beautiful woman in the world," Royal Blondin said, steadily. "You are established here, they all adore you! Why do you say that your life is a wreck?"

"I am the daughter of Professor Field," said Harriet, "and at twenty-seven I am a paid companion of Mrs. Richard Carter's daughter! Oh, well—I was happy enough to have the opportunity. What of yourself? Where have you been?"

But he was not quite ready to drop the personal note.

"Harriet, now that we have met, we'll be friends? My life now is among these people; you'll not be sorry if we occasionally meet?"

"In this casual way—no, we can stand that," she agreed. "The fears of the night rose like mist, melted away. It was bad enough, but it was not what he inflamed and fantastic apprehension had made it. He was no revengeful villain, after all. He did not mean to harm her."

"I've been everywhere," he said, answering her question. "I made two trips to China from San Francisco. I was interested in Chinese antiquities. Then I went into a Persian rug thing, with a dealer. We handled rugs; I went all over the Union. After that, four years ago, I went to Persia and India, and met some English people, and went with them to London. Then I came back here, as a sort of press agent to a Swami who wanted to be introduced in America, and after he left I rather took up his work. I've been everywhere, you know."

"And what's the future in it, Roy?" Now that the black dread was laid, she could almost like him.

"The present is extremely profitable," he said dryly. "And I suppose there might be—well, say a marriage in it, some day?"

"A rich widow?" Harriet suggested, simply.

"That's exactly what I was," he said dryly. "But talk to Nina, if you don't believe me! Everything that is school-girl and romantic and undeveloped, in Nina, she is absolutely inexperienced; she's what I called her, a child! It's—prospective!"

"I suppose," the man drawled, "that is a question for the young lady, and her parents, and myself to decide."

To threaten his standing was to wreck her own.

Her eyes looked beyond him darkly; the girl was young and innocent, greedy for flattery, eager to live. What chance had little Nina Carter against charm like his—experience like his?

"I may never be asked to the house after tomorrow night," said Blondin. "She won't be here tomorrow night. This may be the beginning and end of it. All I ask is that if I am made welcome here, on my own merits, you won't interfere! The mere fact that you're living here doesn't mean that you have the moral responsibility of the family on your shoulders, does it?"

"No-o," Harriet admitted, in a troubled tone.

"Of course not! You live your life, and I mine. Is there anything wrong about that?"

"You know you would never look at that girl except for her money, Roy!" she burst out.

"Nor would anyone else," he amended, suavely.

Harriet gave a distressed laugh.

"Come! You and I never saw each other until this week," Blondin urged. "That's the whole story."

Before she answered, the girl looked beyond him at the splendid stables and lawns of Crowlands. It never lost its charm for her, her castle of dreams; she had longed to be part of just such a household all her life!

Now she actually was part of it, and it what Mary Putnam had hinted was true, if her own fleeting suspicion only a few evenings ago was true; then she might some day really belong to Crowlands, in good earnest!

Harriet made her choice.

"Very well," she said, kindly. "I understand you. I turn in here. Good-night!"

"Just a second!" he said, detaining her. "You won't hurt me with any of them, Ward or the girl or the father?" The girl's lips curled with distaste.

"No," she said tonelessly.

In another second she was gone. He saw the slender figure, in its green gown, disappear at a turning of the tiled wall. She paused for no backward glance of farewell. But Royal Blondin was satisfied.

CHAPTER IV.

Again Harriet fled through the quiet house as if pursued by furies, and again reached her room with cheeks as red as a hot beetroot. Nina was not there. She crossed to the window, and stood there with her hands clasped on her chest, and her breath coming and going stormily.

"Oh, he's clever!" she whispered, half aloud. "He's clever! He never made a threat. He never made a threat of anything. He knew that he had me—he knew that he had me! And what he wanted me! And what he wanted me!"

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you mad at me? You looked so glum at breakfast."

"Well, you had nothing to do with it!" she assured him, in her big-sisterly voice. "And it was the first or child I ever had, and I loved you for it!"

It was with something like pain and impatience in his tone that Ward said gruffly:

"Yes, you do! You like me about as much as you like Nina or Granny!"

"I like you—sh! just a little better than I do Granny!" Harriet confided. "Don't spoil your dinner with olives, Ward! Don't mess them—there's a dear! Dinner's announced, by the way. It's quarter past eight."

"I'm going!" he grumbled, discontentedly.

"At any rate, I love the orchid!" Harriet said, soothingly. He was laughing, too, as he disappeared, but something in his face was vaguely troubling to her none the less, and she remembered it now and then with a little compunction during her quiet evening of reading. Well, she would see Linda on Saturday, and have Sunday with her and the children, and that meant always a complete change and a shifted viewpoint, even when, as frequently happened, Linda took the older-sisterly privilege of scolding.

When Harriet had chaperoned Nina and Amy to the Friday afternoon matinee, and had duly deposited Amy afterward in the Hawkes mansion, and had escorted Nina to her grandmother's apartment, she was free to direct Hansen to drive her to the Jersey tube, and to spend a hot, uncomfortable hour in a stream of homegoing commuters, on the way to Linda's house.

She mounted the three cement steps from the sidewalk level, and the four shabby and peeling wooden ones that rose to the porch. On this hot summer afternoon the front door was open, and Harriet stepped into the odorous gloom of the hall, and let the screen door bang lightly behind her.

Immediately, in the open archway into the parlor, a girl of fifteen appeared, a pretty girl with blue eyes and brown hair, a shabby but fresh little shirtwaist belted by a shabby but clean white skirt, and a napkin dangling from her hand.

"Oh, Mother—it's Aunt Harriet! Oh, you darling!"

Harriet, laughing, went from the child's wild embrace into the arms of Linda herself, a tall, broadly built, pleasant-faced woman with none of Harriet's own unusual beauty, but with a faint resemblance to her younger sister nevertheless.

"Well, you sweet good child!" she said warmly. "Fred—here's Harriet! Well, my dear, isn't it fortunate that we were late! We'd hardly commenced!"

The remaining members of the family now streamed forth: Fred Davenport, a thin, rather gray man of fifty, with an intelligent face, a worried forehead, and kindly eyes; Julia, a blonde beauty of twelve; Nanmy, a fat, sweet boy of five, with a big eye and Pip, a serious ten-year-old, with black hair and faded blue overalls.

Fred was a newspaper man, one of the submerged many, underpaid, overworked, unheard, yet vaguely gratified through all the long years by the feeling that his groove was not quite the groove of the office, the year-end, or the traveling salesman's "beat."

Here in the little suburban town his opinions gained some little weight from the fact that he had been ten years with a New York evening paper. Mrs. Davenport was a housewife, and everything her sister had to say; knew the Carters, and even some of their closest friends, by name, and asked all sorts of questions about them.

Later in the evening Fred was at the piano. It was a poor piano, and he was a poor player, who played his old pipe while he painstaking